# How Germany Protects Her War Secrets From Spies

## TEMPTATION Put Out of the Reach of Secret Service Workers From Other Nations by a System Protecting War Information—Where Credentials Do Not Count for Much—Woman Spies Have an Advantage—Use of the Red Cross—Incidents in Berlin—Russian Methods.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

BERLIN, Germany, March 7, 1916.

THERE is a certain sign which hangs in every train coupee, in every waiting room, in every street car, in every restaurant, in every store, and on every corner in Berlin. It warns German soldiers to be careful of what they say, because spies are everywhere. Germany believes it wiser to take precautions and not let her secrets get out rather than to waste her time suspecting everybody of being a spy.

Germany doesn't dog strangers and tear their clothes apart. She simply puts temptation out of a person's reach by turning the lock and key. And she is not waiting until the horse is stolen to lock the barn; for the barn is always locked.

Russia, it is said, is suspicious of everybody. Credentials don't count for much there; and for an American with a German name, even if his heart is pure English, to try to get into Russia is almost impossible. A man named Smith, engaged in the harmless business of selling pipes for making beds, wanted to go to Russia last month. He was intensely pro-ally. He had a passport and many impressive letters, but when he came to the Russian customs he was stopped. Was he sure his name was Smith, or had it not been Schmidt? His passport, of course, said Smith; but one or two generations back what had it been?

The large, bewhiskered officials took him into a little room and put him through the third degree. Smith knew that his father's name was Smith, and that his grandfather's name was Smith; but that was as far back as he could go. So he did not get into Russia. Instead he came to Germany to try to sell his pipes.

Americans with German names are not greeted with open arms anywhere in Europe. In London, in Paris, and in Rome they are looked upon with distrust, and are considered rather questionable characters. In Germany they don't bother so much about the origin of one's name; and one may even be a Reginald Wilfred Phillimore and yet get around with the ease of a Siegfried Pfannkucken.

The best and safest kind of a name in these days for uninterrupted European travel is an Irish-American name. It gets you anywhere, for an Irishman can be either pro-English or very anti-English; and as the occasion demands, you can swear that your ancestors were followers of the green or of the orange.

* * *

Here in Berlin just what a spy could find out, and then, if he did find out something, how he could get it out of the country is a mystery. Everything is well guarded—all the munition factories, the aeroplane fields, everything to do with the marine, and all the supply and the storehouses. The soldier who stands on sentry duty in his little white and black box plays an important part in this great war, and his work is just as necessary as the work of the great men he must stiffen up to salute.

In every country women are more suspected of being spies than are men, and the exciting game has always appealed to some women. As a rule a woman's reason for being a spy is not the deep-rooted love of her country, which prompts most men to go in for this dangerous undertaking; but it is more for the novelty, the gamble and the sensations. Women, also, are more adept at concealing things. They can pack a trunk, for instance, so that what they wish to conceal is most difficult to find.

In olden times many men used the garb of a woman as a disguise, but that is entirely out of date in this war of aeroplanes and submarines. An up-to-date spy of today lives openly and above board, is a jolly good fellow and is seen everywhere. In the August, when the war broke out two Serbian spies were arrested in Munich. They were disguised as nuns, and they were caught because of the awkward way in which they managed the voluminous folds of a nun's dress.

Religion has always been the favorite shield of spies. They come as monks, priests, ministers and nuns, and their assumed profession gives them entree into almost every place. Bibles and prayer books have always been selected as places for carrying secret messages. It is harder for a minister of the gospel to get into any belligerent country in this war than a man of any other profession, and if he does not have extraordinary credentials he had better stay at home.

But this war has brought forth a new medium in which the spy can work—the Red Cross. A clever spy as a Red Cross worker at the front can get ten times the information of an ordinary spy, and he has better means of transmitting his information to his co-workers. He deals with sick men who are weak and thoughtless, and are readier to talk than well men; and then it is easier for a spy to extract information from sick men without their suspecting anything.

* * *

Before Christmas a number of American Red Cross doctors came to Berlin. They were disgusted. They had been working in Italy, and they had received instructions to go to the American staff in Russia. As they had to pass through some other country in going from Italy to Russia, they went through Germany and came to the Russian frontier. Here they were met and politely told that they could not enter Russia and they had better go back home. They joined the German staff.

Many spies enlist as soldiers of the enemy, but this takes a very clever person who knows not only the language of the enemy, but also his characteristics. In the beginning of this war there was a French spy disguised as a German soldier. By much strategy he obtained the job of tending to the army's flock of sheep. He was a good shepherd, but all the time he watched the sky. His pasture was near the border of the two armies, and quite often a French aeroplane flew over his field. Then the shepherd always drove his sheep in a certain direction, and this was a signal to the man above. He did not succeed in doing much damage, as he was caught almost in the beginning of his work.

Over in Russia a Pole, who said he was friendly to the Germans, went around with some birds telling the fortunes of the soldiers. One of his main themes was about letters that the soldiers were going to get when they reached their next destination, and in this way he often found out what the next destination was. He was caught by a German officer, who became suspicious of the number of leading questions the fortune teller put to him.

The city of Warsaw is full of spies. It has always been a favorite city for intrigue and plotting. Saloniki is said to be so full of spies that there is hardly any one left upon whom to spy. One English newspaper correspondent wrote home in disgust, "Two Englishmen cannot sit down in a cafe to enjoy a quiet little chat and a glass of ale without a greasy German waiter rubbing elbows with them."

* * *

In Belgium, at the beginning of this war, a Belgian had a great scheme to get recruits for the Belgian army. He, with seven women, a journalist, and several others, formed a plan to pay 50 or 60 francs to every one who would succeed in getting a young recruit for the Belgian army. He wrote to Havre for permission to carry out his scheme, and also for some money. He waited and waited, and neither answer nor money came. Finally a fight occurred between him and the others who were in the scheme, and he accused them of receiving and keeping the money. The fight grew so bitter that they could not keep it to themselves, and the secret leaked out and right into the German military camp. As the man's scheme had really done no harm, and as he was sick, he was not punished.

Germany has thought out very carefully every precaution. Her protections are not silly and useless, but complete in every detail. For instance, there are certain maps for soldiers that can be bought in all the important book stores in Berlin. These maps are of sections of the fighting country, and have every house and fence in the section pictured on them. They are very useful to the soldiers, but the purchasers do not carry the maps home and mail them themselves; they leave the name and address of the soldier, and the store mails the maps.

IF SHE IS A SPY A WOMAN FINDS MANY EXCELLENT PLACES FOR CONCEALMENT OF DOCUMENTS WHILE PACKING HER TRUNKS.

THE DISGUISED SHEPHERD SPY.

TELLING THE FORTUNES OF THE SOLDIERS.

# British Military Tribunals Have Trouble With "Conscientious Objectors"

## MEN Who Say They Would Not Fight to Save Their Families—Public Indignation Against Cranks Who Have All Sorts of Excuses to Keep From Being Placed in the Army—Comedy Not Lacking in Sessions of the Tribunals—The Grounds on Which Some Young Men Ask for Exemption Are Farcical—Art Student Says He Could Not Possibly Mutilate Beauties of Human Form.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, March 23.

IF one has a friend who is low in his mind and needs cheering up, he needn't take him to a musical comedy nowadays, or to a vaudeville show, or to the "movies." Instead, let him conduct him to a session of one of the military tribunals, where he will get more laughs to the minute than the funniest farce or the most button-bursting film in all England could provide.

The military tribunals came into being simultaneously with conscription, and exist for the purpose of hearing and passing upon pleas for exemption from single men who find themselves either unable or unwilling to bear arms for their country. There prove to be a lot of such, as is natural when you consider that conscription was necessary because there were considerably more than 600,000 single young men in the country who failed to enlist voluntarily, and some of them are a real "scream." Their excuses for not wishing to serve, or those that are made for them by employers who object to dispensing with them, are enough to draw laughter from a cat.

* * *

Not that the thing is all comedy. The number of "exemptions" that are being secured through influence is becoming a scandal, and Lord Derby has warned the government in the most emphatic of language that it threatens, not only the success of the famous scheme, but the very existence of the empire, by resulting in a fatal shortage of recruits for the fighting line. Meanwhile the general amusement at the expense of that strange bird, the conscientious objector, is becoming more and more mixed with indignation that there are Englishmen—and a lot of them, too—prepared to stand up publicly and say that they would stand by and see their mothers murdered and their sisters violated rather than shoot a gun at the man who was engaged in doing such dastardly work. Feeling is growing, too, against the employer who, even at this crisis in the national existence, persists in attempting to hang on to the eligible single men in his employ, and who often has the incredible effrontery to describe as absolutely indispensable men to whom it later proves that he is paying some beggarly wage.

Perhaps the limit of excuses for being unwilling to serve was reached yesterday when, at a tribunal in the Midlands, a young, able-bodied art student appealed against bearing arms. He said it was contrary to the object of his profession to take part in the mutilation of the beauties of the human form. He couldn't think, he added, of spoiling the symmetry of any German, Austrian or Turk. The tribunal refused to exempt him, as tribunals mostly do refuse, except in the country districts and the smaller towns. Particularly in the rural districts kissing, in this matter, is going by favor. In the big centers, the tribunals, which are appointed by the local government board, are composed of men of substance, who require no favor from any one, and whose decisions, therefore, are unbiased. In the country, however, a tribunal may be largely composed of little tradesmen, to whom the nobleman who owns the whole region is as a demigod. So, if my lord objects, as he sometimes does, to his third footman, who is indispensable because he brings in the afternoon tea, being requisitioned to fight for his country, it happens far too often that the subservient members of the tribunal see to it that the matter is not pressed.

* * *

The men who are "indispensable" to their employers in war time! One of them, the other day, proved to be a "dude" in the kind of musical melange now known as a "revue," though it reviews nothing whatever. His employer asked that he be exempted on the plea that he was really the whole show, and this impresario added the statement, which he evidently looked upon as clinching the whole business, that many army officers who had seen the show had assured him that it was a real tonic. The tribunal, however, was not impressed, and the "dude" will soon be wearing khaki.

Another case which amused but failed to convert a tribunal was that of a couple of men whose exemption was asked by their farmer employer on the ground that he could get no one else to look after his pigs. When asked if he could not employ a couple of women to take charge of the inhabitants of his sties, he replied grudgingly that he supposed he could, but that the women would take more looking after than the pigs. As a matter of fact, experience so far has shown that there are comparatively few men, except those engaged in work requiring great physical strength, who cannot be replaced by women, and this farmer will have to sink his objections and put his pigeries under feminine supervision, for the former guardians have now joined the colors.

Young single men have asked to be excused from bearing arms because they were doing such important national work as cutting corsets, making the "noises" behind the scenes at a cinema, drawing cartoons for comic weeklies, working the "electrics" at a music hall, packing Bibles, "chilling" beer, doing acrobatic feats in a circus, making coffins and peforming the duties of secretary of a club of Alpine climbers. Yet another exemption was asked for on the ground that the man concerned—the editor of a trade paper—was an "authority on German selling methods," and, as such, likely to be too precious in the eventual trade war to have his life placed in jeopardy in the present unpleasantness. But none of these pleas achieved its object.

The tendency is now toward a "tightening up" all around, and it has to be an extremely "indispensable" man indeed who gets more than a postponement of a month or two, either to enable him to wind up his private affairs or to enable his employers to train either an older "unfit" man or a woman to do his job.

In practically all these cases of "indispensability" the dialogue is much the same. At the Westminster tribunal, for example, one day this week an employer argued with intense energy that his man did all the work when he himself was away, including buying and so on. The tribunal looked serious, and the chairman, the mayor of the borough, hesitated. "What do you pay this man?" asked a member.

"Twenty-five shillings a week," was the reply, "and his porterage." Nobody seems to be sure exactly what "porterage" is (unless it is money allowed to enable a man to refresh himself with porter), but 25 shillings a week is, roughly, $6, which isn't exactly princely remuneration for a man who positively can't be done without. Wages are low in England as compared with pay in the United States, and times are hard here, but it hasn't come to that yet. The experience of every tribunal, however, shows that the salary of the positively indispensable man, upon whose retention the continuance of a business hinges, is anything from six or seven and a half to twelve dollars 50 a week.

* * *

The real man of the hour, however, is the "conscientious objector," or "con. ob.," as he is beginning to be called for short. The fact that he not only exists, but exists in unpleasant profusion, has proved a nasty jolt for British pride in the patriotism of the race. Outside the Quaker sect, of which this country is the home, and which, as everybody knows, is opposed to war, few people supposed that more than a handful of Britons would be capable of proclaiming themselves unwilling to fight for their country on conscientious grounds. Each of the big tribunals has to deal with dozens of "con. obs." daily, the following extraordinary dialogue being typical of many. The applicant for exemption quoted is an electrician at a big London music hall.

The chairman of the tribunal: "If an enemy came up to you and tried to murder your mother and break up your home, what would you do?"

Applicant: "That is rather a difficult question to answer. It would all depend on my state of mind at the time."

The chairman: "As a man, say what you would do."

Applicant: "I would protest, but I would not kill."

The chairman: "Suppose a Zeppelin were dropping bombs on your home and you had an anti-aircraft gun in your hand, what would you do?"

Applicant: "I don't see what I could do."

The chairman: "Would you stand with the gun in your hand and allow the bomb to kill your mother?"

Applicant: "Yes, I think I should. I object on moral grounds. I think that war is wrong and that no man ought to take part in it."

So far as one remembers, not a single one of the many conscientious objectors has been a Quaker, though many have described themselves as members of weird sects. One of these calls itself the Christadelphians and the man who claimed to belong to it declared that the sect had kept its existence pretty quiet since conscription was mooted, "for fear of being swamped with young men." None of these conscientious objectors to fighting is excused from "doing his bit." They are "passed for non-combatant service," a vague phrase that may mean anything. They won't be forced to fight, of course, but they probably will be asked to do something either so dangerous, such as stretcher bearing on the battlefield or mine sweeping in a trawler, or so intensely disagreeable and nasty that they will be glad to exchange for duty in the firing line.

* * *

Just how sincere are these objectors? This is a question that many folk are asking themselves, though the press refrains from discussing it, through fear of making conscientious objection even more popular than it is. Apropos, Lord Derby, speaking in the house of lords, deprecated the reporting in the press of the views of the "con. obs," on the ground that it encouraged others to take a similar attitude. It is unlikely, however, that all, or even a large percentage, of these men are merely hypocritical cowards. In the present mood of the nation it requires courage of a kind for an able-bodied young man, without ties, to say that he is unwilling to fight for the flag because he doesn't believe in war—the same kind of courage as that possessed by the suicide—for the certain result is social ostracism, at all events by those whose men are fighting, if nothing worse. On the whole, one doesn't envy the "con. ob." In a seaside town this week one of them was burned in effigy outside of his own house by a derisive crowd. Only last evening, too, a London newspaper urged that a law should be passed making it an offense to give employment to one, or, if this was impossible, that the public should boycott any firm known to have a "con. ob." on its pay roll.

What does the church think of the "conscientious objector"? Many of these Christadelphians, Brotherhood of Man-ites and the rest have all the Bible passages that condemn killing at their fingers' ends, though here and there one of them finds himself up against a member of a tribunal who is able to come back at him from the Good Book with equal knowledge. This experience befell a "Christadelphian" at Edmonton recently.

The "objector" said he was opposed to all forms of military service. "It is a position we have held for fifty years," he added. "We believe the Bible to be the word of God, and that, according to His teachings, it was wrong. The Scripture says: 'Recompense no man evil for evil, resist not evil.'"

The chairman: "What else did He say?"

"He told Peter to put his sword in its place."

The chairman: "And He said, 'If your enemy compel you to go with him one mile, go with him twain.' Is your country your enemy or your friend?"

"Where do you find the quotations you give?" the applicant said. " 'Recompense no man evil for evil,' was in Romans 12.4."

The chairman: "That is Paul's writings. You referred to it as a saying of Christ. I should have said Christ and the Apostles."

* * *

That fine example of muscular Christianity, the Bishop of London, who played tennis against Roosevelt, and is believed to have beaten "T. R." handsomely, was asked by the writer to say how far, if at all, the Church of England sympathized with the man who is too godly to fight for England? Here is the bishop's reply:

"What I feel strongly is this, that it is not only conscience that we have to look to, but the education of conscience. Things have been done in England again and again in the name of conscience that we deplore. Churches have been burned down in the name of conscience. I feel that it is not only the conscience but the education of the conscience that really matters. I spent the early part of the war with numbers of young men, who had given up everything for the sake of their country and the call of duty—Sunday school teachers, members of the Church of England Men's Society, religious young men. These young men of whom I was speaking had taken in certain facts about the war. They hated killing; they did not want to kill anybody. But they felt that there were three things at stake—that they were fighting for the freedom of their country, for the freedom of the world and for the brotherhood of nations. I have seen these men in the trenches. My own regiment went in 800 strong and came out 250 strong. They had held their trench seven days and nights, those Sunday school teachers and religious young men. We want every help to be sent to those men, and there should be no false ground of conscientious objection."

One fancies, though he did not say so, that the bishop hopes if you in America who read this do not agree with his view you will refrain from writing and telling him so. For his secretary revealed to me that, within the past fortnight or so, dozens of persons in the United States who have read the bishop's remarks in connection with the refusal of the captain of the King Stephen to rescue the crew of the Zeppelin that was disabled in the North sea on returning from a "straffing visit to England," have taken the trouble to write and denounce his lordship. The bishop, it may be recalled, upheld the seaman in sailing away as he did and trying to find somebody to rescue the Germans who would be more capable of dealing with them afterward than he and his handful of men.

Previous to calling at 32 St. James' square, the bishop's town house, the writer visited the military tribunal that sits at the Guildhall, in the city of London, under the chairmanship of Sir Vezey Strong, and the one which holds forth in Westminster, and found the method of dealing with objectors in each practically identical. The first of these tribunals has a greater responsibility than any in England, since the interests represented by the square mile of London, which is known as the city, and has the lord mayor as its chief executive, are the most important in the country. The other day, to take only one case out of many, the city tribunal had to deal with, an appeal from the Bank of England for the exemption from military service of 199 single men. This seems a large order, but it really proved that the men in question were indispensable, and they are to be exempted for three months anyway. Just now everybody who works for the "Old Lady of Threadneedle street," and this means upward of 5,000 persons, is doing real "war work," since the bulk of the labor in connection with the various war loans falls on the Bank of England. Every man that could be spared has enlisted, to the tune of several hundred, and their places filled with women, of whom, counting the extra help necessitated by the war loan work, there are now nearly 3,000 working at this most famous of all banks.

Members of the tribunals sit around a long table, with the chairman in the center. Close by sits the clerk, who has a typewritten list of the applicants, whose names he calls out in turn. At another table sits the military representative, whose position is that of the attorney for the prosecution. In the city this is Maj. Lionel de Rothschild, a member of the famous family of financiers, and one of Lord Derby's right-hand men. Lord Derby, in fact, in introducing some of us American newspaper men to Maj. de Rothschild at the war office a while ago said that the latter was the author of some of the best ideas in connection with his famous recruiting scheme.

* * *

When the applicant's name is called out an usher brings in the young man, who has been waiting outside, his face illuminated with hope, and beckons him to a chair facing the tribunal. The business begins by the chairman reading, from the exemption application form, the reasons the young man has given for being absolved from service. The reading of the statement is concluded by the formal announcement of the military representative's opinion of the case, contained in a phrase as simple as "I object," or in a recommendation that one or two months' postponement be granted.

Then the applicant is invited to make any statement he wishes. Usually he amplifies his written remarks by a few more or less pertinent observations. The chairman and the other members of the tribunal ask a number of questions, and if the military representative thinks it necessary he puts a number of questions, usually deprecatory of the applicant's attitude.

The members of the tribunal lean over to one another and agree on a decision, which the chairman announces in a formula something like this: "The tribunal has carefully considered your case and must refuse your application." Should the crestfallen applicant protest the chairman will offer as a general rule the following solatium: "We sympathize with you, but the country needs men."

The applicant asks if he can appeal, and he is told that he can, but that the appeal form, to be obtained in the building, must be filled up and sent to the central tribunal within three days.

The chairman wishes the applicant "Good day," and the next case is called. The army has another shy young single man for the trenches.

* * *

This whole question of the single man's part in the war is the paramount one of the day in England, and may cause trouble yet if it is not grappled with by the authorities in a relentless fashion. The trouble, if it comes, will be made by the married men who "attested," or put their names down as willing to serve in the army, under the distinct understanding that they would not be called up until every single man capable of bearing arms had been pressed into service. The prime minister gave a definite pledge to this effect.

Under the compulsion act, certain occupations were "starred," that is, designated as being necessary to carrying on the national life, and hence not to be drawn on for purposes of defense. Coalmining is one of these trades, shipbuilding another, ironmaking a third, and there are many more. The allegation is that thousands of young single men have entered these trades since conscription was brought in, with the deliberate purpose of escaping service in the army. Other "slackers" are said to be making munitions in preference to joining the army.

There are hundreds of young single men, too, in government offices and engaged in other employments which can only by the most euphemistic use of the term be described as "war work." Most of these young fellows wear badges or buttons which bear the inscription, "On War Service," but it has turned out, again and again, that this means pasting the labels on tins of "bully beef," turning out the short canes or "swagger sticks" which the soldiers carry when off duty, or some equally vital work for the forces. It is declared, too, that in the country districts the stalwart sons of wealthy farmers are masquerading as shepherds and stockkeepers, two other "starred" occupations, in preference to "joining up."

The married men are growing more and more restive over this state of things. They demand that these "slackers" should be hunted out and made to join the army before they, who must leave wives and children behind, are "called up." The newspapers are filled with letters of bitter protest from them. One of them told the writer yesterday that if they came for him before "these young single perishers" were made to join, they would have to take him by force. And there are thousands who echo his words.

(Copyright, 1916, by Curtis Brown.)

CHAIRMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON MILITARY TRIBUNAL.
Sir Thomas Vezey Strong, ex-lord mayor of London and honorary colonel of the 1st London Brigade, Royal Field Artillery.


AVOIDING CONSCRIPTION.
Crowd outside a London recruiting office on the last day for voluntary enlistment.

## An Old Idea.

GOV. WHITMAN said at a dinner in Albany:

"The crooked idea is discredited in politics, as the failure idea is discredited in business. In the long run to be crooked doesn't pay.

"The old-fashioned, crooked idea, once so popular and now discarded, is well illustrated in the story of the father who said to his boy:

" 'Two bankruptcies equal one failure, two failures equal one fire, two fires equal——'

" 'Say, pop, is marriage a failure?' the boy interrupted.

" 'Well, sonny,' said the father, 'if you marry Lotta Golde, old Gobsa Golde's daughter, like I want you to, you'll find that marriage is almost as good as a failure.' "